thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afeard of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit: therefore i'le make him sure; yea and i'le sweare I slew him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come, brother *Iohn*, full bravely hast thou flesht
Thy mayden Sword.

Iohn. But soft, who have we heere?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasie that playes upon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

Falst. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a Jacke: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him slay the next *Percy* himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I slew my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Falst. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying! I graunt you, I was down, and out of breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleeved, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne upon their own heads, I'le take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh if the man were alive, and would deny it, Zounds I will make him eate a peece of my Sword.

Iohn. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother *Iohn*.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

For my part, if a lie will doe thee grace,
I'le guild it with the happiest termes I have.

A retreate is sounded.

Prin. The Trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours:
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the Field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead. *Ex*

Fal. I'le follow, as they say, for reward: He that rewards God reward him. If I do grow great, i'le grow lesse: for I purge and leave Sacke, and live cleanely, as a Nobleman should doe.

The Trumpets sound, enter the King, Prince *of* Wales, John *of* Lancaster, *Earle of* Westmerland, *with* Worcester *and* Vernon *prisoners.*

King. Thus ever did rebellion finde rebuke;
Ill-spirited *Worcester*, did not we send grace,
Pardon and termes of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turne our offers contrary,
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?
Three Knights upon our party slayne to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truely borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoyded, it fals on me.

King. Beare *Worcester*, to the death, and *Vernon* too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.
How goes the Field?

Prin. The noble *Scot* Lord *Dowglas*, when he saw
The fortune of the day turn'd quite from him,
The noble *Percy* slayne and all his men,
Upon the foote of feare, fled with the rest:
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd,
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.